

Downer

Fireside

Trace me where I'm heading
Cover me with broken blankets
Show me things that can't be seen
Just like my reflections
Close the door
So that I won't be afraid
It's my turn,
to be burned on a stick
If you'd ask
I would've passed,
but it's too late
It's not my fault
It's normal to see
people in a different way
It's just like a circle
Please don't fall
Give it the can
Open all the windows,
so that I won't be afraid

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